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ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,
ENDYMION,
AND OTHER POEMS.



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HUGH DONALD BARCLAY.

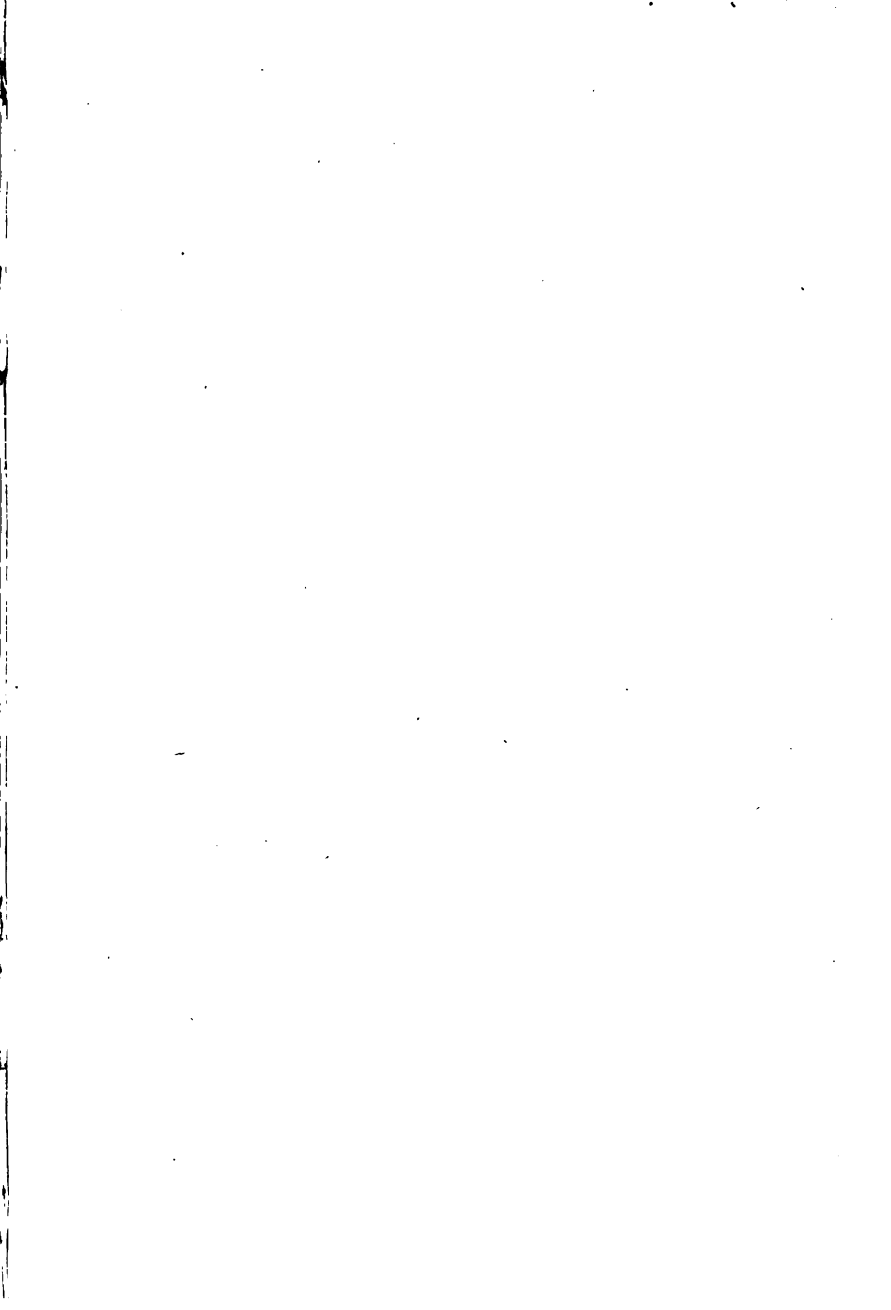
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ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,
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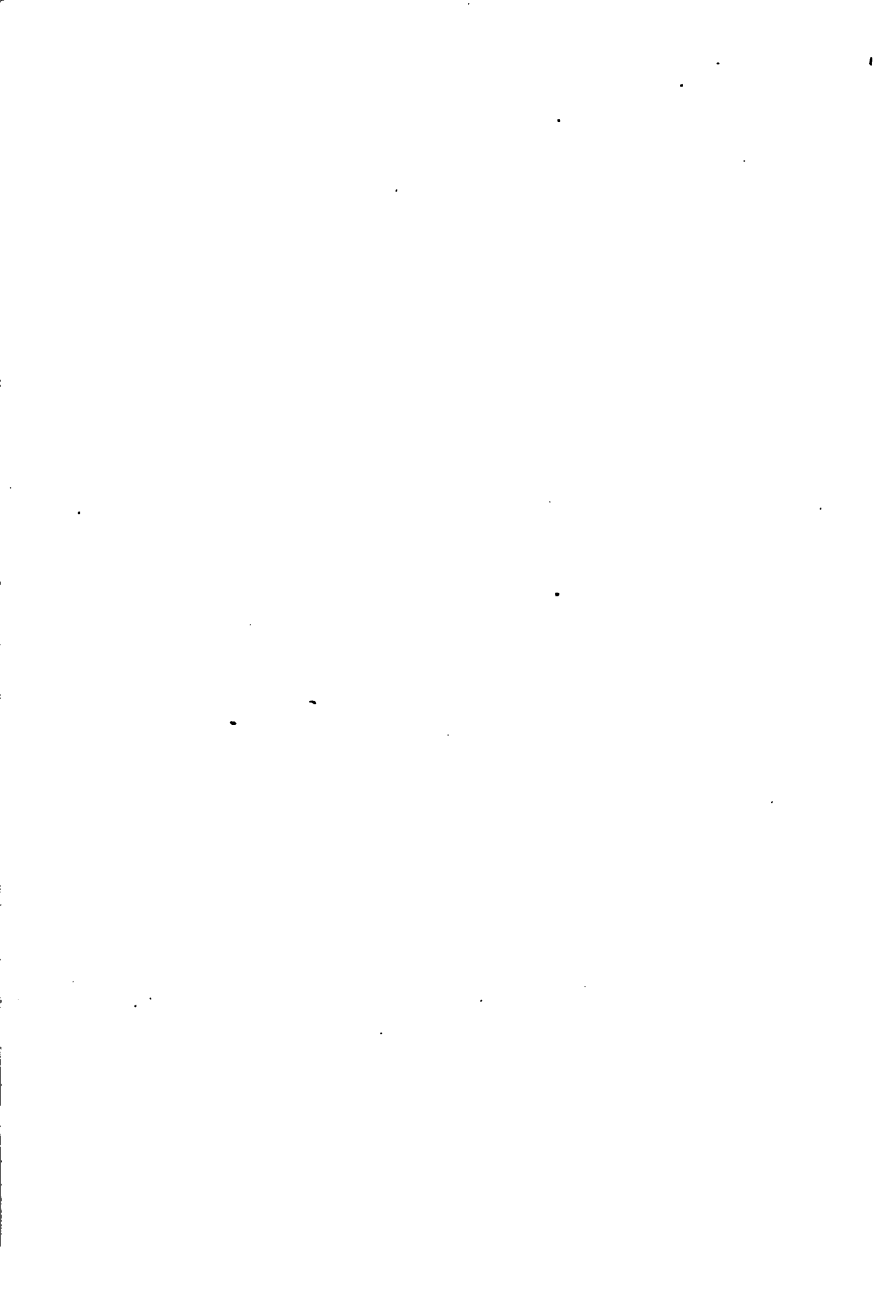
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,
ENDYMION,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
HUGH DONALD BARCLAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

EDGAR BARCLAY.

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INTRODUCTION.



They who ascend to mountain tops, behold
The sun in glorious majesty arise—
Robing the distant mountain peaks with gold,
While still new prospects dim the dazzled eyes.
But all may not ascend those dizzy heights,
But midway rest within some peaceful dell
Whose rural charm the traveller delights,
And distant music of the village bell.
Thus on Parnassus' lower slopes I stray,
Unequal to the steep acclivity.
Reader, content with me an hour to stay,
This little book I dedicate to thee.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.



ORPHEUS I sing, the Father of all song,
Whom at his birth the lyre Apollo gave,
From him descended all the poet throng
Who charm us from the cradle to the grave.
Though I to that bright band may not belong,
Though yet my laurels in the garden wave,
His praise I would essay with trembling fingers,
Whose story in my fancy ever lingers.

One evening down the mountain slopes he came,
His forehead with a flowery chaplet crowned ;
His eyes that shone with inspiration's flame
Seemed to take light from all he saw around ;
His left hand held the lyre, whose notes can tame
The fiercest monster with melodious sound,
His fingers played with each responsive string,
And sitting down he thus began to sing :

“ Lovely is each promontory,
And the all beholding sun,
When he crowns with rays of glory,
Mountain-peaks, and woodlands dun ;
And the waters flash with pleasure,
And the gods their conches blow,
As they bear their golden treasure
To the waterfalls below.

“ Lovely is the moon reposing
On the bosom of the night,
To the poet’s eye disclosing
Scenes of magical delight.
When the forest flowers are dreaming,
And the winds are hushed in sleep,
And Endymion in the beaming
Light of love, his watch doth keep.

“ But these mountains, streams, and valleys
Have no longer charms for me,
When within the forest tarries
My beloved Eurydice ;

When through green leaves brightly glancing,
Her enchanting form I see,
Scenes of loveliness enhancing,
Beats my heart with ecstasy."

Ere these melodious notes had died away,
The singer found an audience much amazed,
For lo ! the spotted leopard left his prey,
The elephant in silent wonder gazed,
The tiger and giraffe in strange array,
With silent awe the sweet musician praised ;
The nightingale was mute, she heard a tone
More delicately cadenced than her own.

The lofty mountains bowed their snowy heads,
The streams and waterfalls forgot to flow,
The water-naiads left their reedy beds,
The tritons shamed, no more their conches blow ;
But sat entranced upon the flowery meads,
The birds sat listening on the swinging bough,
The lion fawned upon the bleating lamb,
Who played around her as around her dam.

Thus did the forest denizens though wild,
Acknowledge music's gentle influence,
Even the subtle serpent was beguiled,
And felt through all her length a novel sense ;
The fiercest enemies were reconciled,
Forgiven and forgot each past offence,
But Orpheus chief was pleased, the nymphs to see,
And, fairest of them all, Eurydice.

But one there was who was not pleased to hear
This music, Aristaeus was his name,
Alas ! for harmony he had no ear,
And envied too the great musician's fame ;
Nay—more, Eurydice to him was dear,
Though such a lover made her blush with shame,
For she to Orpheus, was a faithful wife,
And dear to her, his honour, as her life.

Ah ! why does fate give opportunity,
To evil men to compass their vile ends,
The gentle, and the good, oppressed we see,
And fate their sad condition ne'er befriends ;

But evil be the end, delightedly,
Both time, and counsel, to the cause she lends,
And thus it was this sad mischance befel,
Which I must now in moving accents tell.

One day Eurydice companionless,
Had wandered where the gems of Flora grow,
Far in a wood, whose shady peacefulness,
Ne'er had been marred with sound of human woe ;
She plucked sweet flowers that mocked her loveliness,
And placed them in her bosom white as snow,
Singing the while a ditty soft and sweet,
She learned from Orpheus, sitting at his feet.

When lo ! she heard a rustle in the leaves,
And turning round the well known hated face,
Of lustful Aristaeus she perceives,
Watching her movements from his hiding-place ;
No more with looks dissembling he deceives,
Rooted with fear, she stood a moment's space,
Then like a fawn she turned to fly away,
He followed, as a wolf pursues its prey.

Through leafy groves, o'er hill and over dale,
Eurydice with flying feet did pass ;
Too soon her feeble limbs began to fail,
With lawless strength she could not cope, alas !
But ere her fell pursuer could prevail,
A snake that lay concealed within the grass,
Stung her, and her spirit fled away,
Depriving Aristaeus of his prey.

When day had died into the arms of night,
Orpheus his solitary watch did keep,
Hoping to see his wife in raiment white
Through shady alleys of the forest sweep ;
But when she came not in his own despite,
Her fate he could no more refrain to weep,
Thinking of all the dangers that befall
The wanderer, beneath night's gloomy pall.

At break of dawn when still she did not come,
To friends, and kindred, Orpheus bade farewell,
O'er desert plains and mountain crags to roam,
Ne'er to return, till he her fate could tell,

Or bring her to the pleasant hills of home,
Although he bore her from the gates of hell,
His lyre was mute, he would not touch the strings,
Till hope again within his bosom springs.

And as he went he cried, Eurydice!—
Eurydice, the rocks and caves replied—
Eurydice, my love I seek for thee,
A voice upon the zephyr rose and died ;
He thought it said, my love, oh seek for me.
And hastened on to find where she did hide,
Deceived, as is the traveller who sees,
In desert plains, cool streams, and verdant leas.

Through many a wilderness, and pathless wood,
Whose foliage intercepts Apollo's ray,
The silence of whose awful solitude,
Never was broken, save by birds of prey,
Who scream to see a human foot intrude,
Orpheus with wounded feet pursued his way,
Until he came unto the river Styx,
That flows beneath the gloom of day's eclipse.

Upon the river's barren bank he stood,
And peered into the thick and sulphurous cloud
That overhung the darkly rolling flood,
Folding the mountains in a misty shroud ;
A boat came near, and one in it who rowed,
Whose hoary head with weight of years was bowed,
And as his oars kept time with measured beat,
This strain in hollow tones did Orpheus greet.

How many souls have left the strand,
And stepped into my wherry,
Since Pluto first gave me command,
To row the Stygian ferry.

They thronging come, those spectres wan,
Of life's enjoyments weary,
The youth, the maid, the aged man,
To cross the waters dreary.

But when they reach the river black,
With sad and silent faces,

They turn to view the narrow track,
No human foot retraces.

Yes, all must tread that silent road,
The weary and the merry,
To go to Pluto's sad abode
Across the Stygian ferry.

Charon, cried Orpheus, have you ferried over
My darling wife, Eurydice by name,
For many a weary day I've been a rover,
To this inhospitable shore I came ;
But not a trace of her could I discover,
Return I will not, both for grief and shame,
Until I bring her back with looks elate,
Or follow her to hell, to share her fate.

Surly old Charon thus made him reply,
Each passenger who comes I cannot note,
From earthly woes to Pluto's realms to fly,
The souls of mortals ever crowd my boat ;

Now I bethink me I did one espy,
Lamenting as the shore grew more remote,
Her piteous fate, in accents soft and low,
But what it was she said, I do not know.

Oh, Charon, ferry me to yonder shore,
Your words fall on my senses like a knell,
Her lover to her fondling arms restore,
With her is heaven, without her all is hell.
If I regain her we will part no more,
Though doomed for aye in Tartarus to dwell,
For love, transforming love, with golden glow,
Can glorify the sternest scenes of woe.

Orpheus, said Charon, I have not forgot
When Hercules compelled me to row
Across the stream, a prison was my lot
For one long year, until I made a vow,
A living soul my boat should enter not,
Save those who bore the Sibyl's golden bough,
Though pressing be your need, I must refuse,
Or else my situation I may lose.

Then Orpheus took the lyre, and there arose
Wave upon wave of lovely melody,
Now swelling loud, then dying to a close ;
Like distant murmurs of a summer sea,
That lull the mariner to soft repose,
And syrens' wiles and false security ;
When Charon heard it, he plied fast his oar,
Orpheus he took on board, and pushed from shore.

Then Charon ferried him across the stream,
That mortal never saw without dismay,
For there, there never falls a bright sunbeam,
To pierce the darkness of the Stygian day ;
But now through scenes of light to move they seem,
And Zephyrs softly o'er the waters play,
A quicker passage Charon never made,
Since first as ferryman he plied his trade.

When they were midway to the other shore,
Whose battlemented crags appeared in sight,
They heard a barking, and a wild uproar
That might the boldest mariner affright.

Old Charon said, whilst resting on his oar,
'Tis Cerberus, but I fear not his bite ;
And showed Orpheus three gigantic bones,
One for each head, to stop the hell-dog's moans.

But soon the sound of music reached the ears
Of Cerberus, who now no longer wild,
Full stretched upon the ground, delighted hears
The strains that had so many hearts beguiled.
No longer now he foams, no longer tears,
Transformed into a beast of nature mild.
To Charon, Orpheus gave the usual fee,
And stepped upon the strand delightedly.

Said Orpheus to himself, so this is hell,
Whereof the priests on earth make such a fuss,
Although not one of them has been there, well
How it resembles earth, is marvellous ;
This place is like the valley where I dwell,
But for the murky clouds sulphureous,
I wonder now if this can be the road,
That I should take for Pluto's dread abode.

He wandered on until he saw a hill,
And one who rolled thereon a heavy stone,
Right up the steep acclivity; until
It bounded down, then that unwearied one,
Pursued it down the mountain side, and still
Persisted in his task, with many a groan.
He said to Orpheus, know I labour thus
For evil deeds.—My name is Sisyphus.

‘To Pluto’s palace, say is this way?
And cease to roll about that heavy stone.’
‘Are you one of his relatives I pray,
That thus you dare to venture here alone?’
Said Sisyphus, in tones of great dismay,
But by the orphic lyre’s accents won,
He left his mountain side and endless task,
In music’s atmosphere divine to bask.

They next passed by the doomed Danaïdes,
For ever pouring water in a sieve;
And Tantalus, whom fruits and waters tease;
Ixion, on a wheel condemned to live.

With others, who for lives of slothful ease,
On earth, had been condemned in hell to strive ;
Who, when they heard the music and the song,
Followed the train, a gay and joyous throng.

Thus did the mountains, and the vales of hell,
But vocal heretofore to sounds of woe,
More terrible than pen of scribe can tell,
Or denizen of earth can ever know,
Respond to music's all persuasive spell,
That can on all, the gift of peace bestow.
And every mountain echo found a voice,
And cried aloud, and bid the damned rejoice.

Pluto, meanwhile, within his palace slept,
" His custom always of an afternoon,"
Whilst Proserpine a patient vigil kept
Beside him, for she craved no greater boon,
When in her ear, the sound of music crept,
Delightful to the sense, but very soon
Her curiosity was roused, and she,
Went out to see what meant this minstrelsy.

A band of merry makers came that way,
Dancing to strains of music and of mirth ;
Such she had heard on many a holiday,
Ere she was ravished from her native earth ;
But now the revels filled her with dismay,
Foreboding evil to her monarch's hearth.
She fled, and cried to him, awake ! arise !
Or hell will quickly become paradise.

Then Pluto, rising, cried with rage and fear,
Who dares insult me with his minstrelsy,
Music alone, unmoved, I cannot hear,
Since conquered by thy voice's melody ;
I fear that if he should approach too near,
I may be bound in chains of harmony.
So run, and find out what is his intent,
Before I send him into banishment.

Then Proserpine went out and came again ;
Saying, he seeks his wife Eurydice.
And, lo ! there follows him a merry train
Of dancers, whom his music has set free

From adamantine chains, and endless pain,
Who cry aloud against thee threateningly ;
Saying, your empire over hell is past,
And love, and music, have returned at last.

Said Pluto, if they think so they are wrong,
For damned they are, and damned they shall remain.
Orpheus, methinks, has not been married long,
That thus he seeks his consort to regain ;
But, if he come without his lyre, and throng
Of followers, his suit he may maintain
Before our court, and I will try the case,
So strange and novel, in the judgement place.

Then Pluto took his seat upon the throne,
His keys in hand, insignia of command,
Beneath him Lethe flowed, and Acheron,
Sad Proserpina sat at his left hand,
Thinking of the days ere she was won ;
The Parcae, robed in white, beside her stand,
Holding the distaff, spindle, and the shears,
To spin, and cut, the thread of human years.

Thirsting for blood, the Furies stood around,
But pale as victims for a sacrifice,
Their heads with wreaths of deadly serpents bound,
And rage and terror painted in their eyes.
Whilst startled at the bark of hell's fierce hound,
The harpies foul, arose with horrid cries,
Circling in the misty atmosphere,
That filled the palace hall with phantoms drear.

Such was the dismal scene that met the sight
Of Orpheus, in the palace entering,
All simply in a flowing mantle dight,
His lyre in its ample folds concealing,
And proudly conscious of his music's might
He stood, his manly brow no fear betraying ;
But gazing on the face of Pluto, grim,
Who thus, in measured accents spake to him.

Who enters here will ne'er return again,
To tread the varied paths of human life,
Whether they lead to pleasure, or to pain ;
Death's empire is the goal that ends the strife

Of every mortal lot, but you would fain
Come here to take hence your departed wife.
To alter my decrees no power I know,
So rest assured I will not let her go.

Great King, 'tis hard to part from one we love,
Without one word, one look, one last farewell;
Long time I sought her in the leafy grove,
But tidings found I none, her fate to tell;
I wandered on, and Cynthia from above,
Shewed me the road to Styx that borders hell.
Then Charon listened to my humble prayer,
And rowed me over through the twilight air.

Oh, bid me not depart till I have seen
The form for ever printed in my mind;
The face, reflection of a soul serene,
At peace within itself and all mankind.
Oh, may your feeling heart to mercy lean,
For you have pow'r both to loose and bind
Think if the tortures that I feel were thine,
And saying thus, he glanced at Proserpine.

Then Proserpine could not conceal her pain,
And turning to her consort, thus she said :
Have pity on the love-beridden swain,
And let his greivous sorrow be allayed ;
Restore his mistress to his arms again,
Remember, when with thee from earth I fled,
You promised me a visit once a year,
To see my native earth, and mother dear.

Then Pluto, waking from a reverie,
And looking at his consort full of woe,
Said : I will shew my royal clemency ;
And turning to a Fury, bid her go
And bring with her the fair Eurydice,
That from her lips the court her tale might know.
Meanwhile, the company in gloomy state,
In silence sate her coming to await.

The Fury soon returned, and with her came
Eurydice, her cheek with passion pale,
Trembling she shrank as with instinctive shame
Before the throng, her gentle limbs did fail

But, Orpheus she perceived, and joy o'ercame
Her natural fear, no longer did she quail,
Orpheus she sees, and sees but him alone,
And like a statue stood, transformed to stone.

Then Pluto gazed on her with wonderment,
And said : the rash intruder you see here,
His steps to Charon's gloomy river bent,
And crossed the flood, that all behold with fear
To seek his wife, an ear to him I lent.
So speak your wish, and dry the falling tear ;
I have the power both to loose and bind,
To listen to your tale I am inclined.

With faltering accents, thus she said : Oh, King,
One day—'twas in the leafy month of May,
To pluck the fairest firstlings of the spring,
Within the woods my feet were led to stray ;
Above me on the branches over-hanging,
The bird piped to his mate a merry lay ;
Oh, what a scene of happiness was this
That filled the languid soul with dreams of bliss.

And then I wove a chaplet of bright flowers,
Blooming unheeded in that lonely spot,
Whose eyes yet held the tears of sunny showers,
The primrose pale, the blue forget-me-not,
That Flora with her native grace endowers,
The fleeting hours were by me forgot.
I thought not of the weary way to roam,
Ere I could reach the pleasant vales of home.

Then through a screen of matted branches peering,
I saw a pair of fierce eyes watching me ;
'Twas Aristaeus, who, no danger fearing,
Often had sued to me entreatingly ;
But I, upheld by Orpheus' love endearing,
Forbade him evermore my face to see.
Startled, I screamed, and turned to fly away :
He followed, as a wolf pursues its prey.

I to the thicket turned with flying feet,
But what can virtue without strength avail ;
He swiftly followed me with steps more fleet,
And soon I felt my feeble limbs would fail

Before I reached the haven of retreat,
Where I should be secure from rude assail.
When lo ! a serpent stung me, and I fell ;
My spirit fleeing from its mortal shell.

And then I found myself beside a river,
Whose waters flowed before me, deep and dark ;
A multitude beside them rest and shiver,
Waiting the coming of the dismal bark
That disinherits them of life for ever,
And leads them to these regions sad and dark.
I crossed the Styx, and found myself in hell ;
What happened since there is no need to tell.

Now, during the recital of this tale,
Pluto was watching Orpheus narrowly,
Who, at the base pursuer's name, turned pale
And could not all suppress the rising sigh.
Pluto, to mark these symptoms did not fail,
And thought, can it be love or jealousy
That brings him here to seek his long lost bride,
I have a plan the problem to decide.

Then turning round to Orpheus, thus he spake
In measured tones, go Sir, you are dismissed,
Less for your merit than your consort's sake ;
Yes, you are free to go where'er you list,
Eurydice the charming you may take,
On one condition only I insist,
That you go first, and do not look behind,
But should you do so, her you will not find.

On this decision Orpheus left the hall
Of judgement, followed by Eurydice,
And many of the assembled throng, who all
Much marvelled what the end of this might be,
Whether some evil would the pair befall,
Or if from Hades they would wander free,
And talking of the daring that could bring
Mad Orpheus to the presence of their king.

Orpheus meanwhile, like one who runs a race,
Walked onward, looking not to either hand,
Eager to flee from this accursed place
And stand again within his native land ;

And inwardly he ever saw the face
And figure of his wife before him stand,
Who followed him with slow, but willing feet,
Eager to greet him with embraces sweet.

Now on his long and solitary way,
Reflections on the past would fill the mind
Of Orpheus, and they filled him with dismay.
He thought, Eurydice may be inclined
In Hades' sad abode to make a stay;
Pluto is not to mortal beauty blind,
And many of the crowd could not repress
A sigh, when gazing on her loveliness.

Long is it now since she from earth departed,
And women, like alas, the strange and new,
When first she saw me in the hall she started.
Could it be joy, or conscience, changed her hue;
I think, and think not, that she is whole hearted,
She will not follow if she be not true.
With this, he quite forgot the dread command,
And turning, rooted to the spot did stand.

He saw her following with silent grace,
Her eyes on his retreating footsteps bent,
A pang of anguish shot across his face,
Reproach and sorrow in her eyes were blent;
He fain had clasped her, in a moment's space,
She vanished from his sight, to banishment;
The pain, and anguish, in his bosom pent,
Found strength at length to utter this lament.

Ah! why does fate delight to sever
The bonds that love would fain entwine,
That pleading face will haunt me ever,
That turned away in grief divine.
No more for me the soft caresses
That cheated life of half its pain;
No more those glossy raven tresses
Will she unloose for me again.

Through what untravelled wildernesses
May tread thy feet, while round thee rise
Foul shapes of hell with hydra tresses,
The dim air filled with horrid cries.

Lament, alas, how unavailing,
From me, the author of this woe ;
Thy hapless lot for ever wailing,
Forlorn of hope bereft, I go.

And then he cursed himself, his gods and fate,
He cursed the recklessness and folly blind,
That ruined all, and would not let him wait ;
He gave his loud lamentings to the wind,
That mocking seemed to answer, late, too late,
And raised a cloud that shrouded all behind ;
He wandered on, nor looked to right or left,
Of reason, and of life, well nigh bereft.

Weary and worn, at length he reached the shore,
Of Styx, and Charon rowed him o'er again,
The shepherds gave with pity of their store,
But when could pity ease the mind of pain ;
Still for Eurydice he would implore,
And tell them that to seek her he was fain,
Carving her name on every forest tree,
He mourned till death, his lost Eurydice.

My patient reader of this classic tale,
 But one more word, and then my task is done,
 Whate'er your aim, let not your efforts fail,
 All may be lost, until the goal is won.
 If beauty be the prize, of what avail
 Your suit, if aught may win her be undone,
 For one false step, I pray you weigh the moral,
 May lose a lover's, or a poet's laurel.



ENDYMION;
OR,
THE BOY WHO CRIED FOR THE MOON.



IN the old days when heroes walked the earth,
And Gods would often quit the pleasant
skies,

Leaving the goddesses, for scenes of mirth
With mortals, whence sad scandals did arise;
For many beauteous women then gave birth
To mortals, born of Gods in strangest guise,—
There lived a shepherd, who was named Endymion,
Whose fame I fain would rescue from oblivion.

In Latmos he was born,—a pleasant land
Far in the regions of the setting sun,
Primeval forests grow on either hand,
Lethæan waters through the valleys run.
Bright poppies and the hemlock deck the strand,
Where sat Endymion when the day was done,
Listing the languid murmurs of the stream,
And seeming half asleep, in a half dream.





His spear, and bow, lay idle by his side,
No deeds of prowess in his thoughts had place,
He thought not of the time when he did ride,
The foremost of the heroes in the chase ;
But of his lady love, and then he sighed ;
Alas ! his was indeed a sorry case,
When suddenly he started up as near,
The sound of footsteps caught his startled ear.

T'was Poëna, his sweet sister, only she,
Not the fair lady who was in his thought ;
He laid him down again right peevishly,
She, sweetly smiling, said she long had sought
To find him on the mountain, or the lea,
For with much sorrow was her bosom fraught,
To see him pine away, with cheek so pale,
If aught doth ail thee, brother, tell the tale.

Hast thou done aught against the heavenly powers,
That haply justly they incensed be,
Cut short the pinions of the flying hours,
Or filched the wand of wandering Mercury,

Or strayed with Psyche, in the Paphian bowers,
Arousing Cupid's restless jealousy,
As you deny it, by immortal Pan,
Why dry up those sad tears, and be a man.

He said, 'twas in the leafy month of June,
One day I wandered in the forest's shade,
To hide me from the summer heat of noon,
Towards evening, when the light began to fade ;
I saw arise the loveliest silver moon
That ever shone upon a sleeping maid,
Trembling, she rose, and filled me with delight,
The fairest of the wanderers of the night.

I started up with outstretched hands to clasp
That form of forms, the fairest to my arms,
But still she ever did elude my grasp,
Her coyness added beauty to her charms.
I sought for language, but could only gasp
Forth sighs, the heralds of my heart's alarms,
All vainly I beheld, with helpless rage,
A sight for ever fixed in memory's page.

For lo ! the moon, her cheek with passion pale,
Was kissing all the waving forest trees,
The fleecy clouds that ever restless sail,
The wandering rivers, and the heaving seas ;
She touched them with her beauty, fair as frail,
And they dissolving into ecstasies,
Took from her kiss a beauty, not their own,
And with a strange ethereal lustre shone.

Jealous I grew of every mortal thing
Whereon the moon had cast her silver glow,
The merry birds that in the thicket sing,
Once gladly heard, now seemed to mock my woe.
The tears unbidden to my eyelids spring,
Her vision haunts me whereso'er I go,
And when my weary eyes are closed in sleep,
I see her still, and start, and wake to weep.

Once I would climb the highest peaks of fame,
The rugged road few mortals can ascend,
And on the summit having carved my name,
Would turn, less able pilgrims to befriend ;

But now a lower path I tread with shame,
And my ambitious soarings have an end,
Since first I saw the lovely queen of night
Surrounded by the stars, her handmaids bright.

What is there in thee, moon, that we should look
For ever in thy face, with mute surprise,
The student pale at evening shuts his book,
And towards thy lustrous beauty turns his eyes ;
The love-lorn maiden in a shady nook,
Sees thee, and her gentle bosom sighs,
And many an eye from out the casement peeping,
Watches thy course whilst all the world is sleeping.

You lit Leander to his Hero's arms
When battling with the love-dividing wave,
And though at last he sank beneath thy charms,
He died for beauty, as becomes the brave.
And Orpheus found his way through hell's alarms
When thy light shone on him, a power to save,
Though jealous husbands may thy influence fear,
To lovers, and to poets, thou art dear.

Endymion replied Poena, wherefore pine,
Celestial Luna beyond mortal reach is,
Believe me all the goddesses divine.
The water-naiads, fairies, nymphs, and Peris,
Though many a crazy bard in lofty line,
Seems by their charms dissolved to ecstasies,
Can equal not a woman, live and real,
Of Eve and Adam the descendant lineal.

Her eyes are azure, as the deep blue sky,
Her tresses flowing, as the milky way,
Her breath as sweet as Zephyr's softest sigh,
When breathing o'er a field of new mown hay ;
The blushes of her maiden modesty
Are beauteous, as the flush of dawning day,
In vain to find an image of her sweetness,
Who is the paragon of love's completeness.

Oh, Poena, tell me not of ladies fair,
A dream came to me, in the silent night,
And sheltered me beneath her shadowy hair
When suddenly there shone a silver light ;

And bands of Cupids hovered in the air,
Whilst peeping from a cloud, my Cynthia bright
Told me the tale of an immortal's love,
Unheard by great Olympus, far above.

I love thee mortal youth, since first I shone
• Through dreaming forests, on thy upturned face,
The music of the spheres is in thy tone,
And in thy gestures more than mortal grace ;
I move in glory, but I move alone,
An aimless errand through the fields of space,
And gladly would I leave the starry sphere
To live with thee, to me thou art so dear.

Beneath the wing of all concealing night,
Then we will wander to a soft retreat,
And laughing, watch the home returning wight,
Missing my light, a lantern to his feet;
Now turning to the left, and to the right,
Not finding anyone whom he may greet,
Belated he will far, and farther roam,
Nor find till break of day his distant home.

Then I will tell you of the lovely things,
That lie beyond the sphere of mortal ken,
The secrets of my midnight wanderings,
O'er cloudy mountain, and untravelled glen.
Interpret the mysterious murmurings
Of streams, whose voices are unknown to men,
And of the gods who in Olympus dwell,
The tale of scandal, and of love will tell.

But no, I dare not, think of Jove's sad start,
And tell-tale, mischief-making Mercury,
Pointing maliciously to Cupid's dart
Haply the cause of all my misery ;
Think of Minerva's look, severe and tart,
The upturned face, and half averted eye ;
Think of the gods, in council met irate,
To know me fallen from my high estate,

And yet who knows, Minerva may have slipped,
The wise are sometimes fools, fools, sometimes wise,
The sweet nepenthe love she may have sipped,
For Mars at all the goddesses makes eyes ;

And Cupid tells of many who have slipped,
By listening to a lover's vows and sighs,
When shepherd swains repeat the tender tale,
And evening throws her shadows o'er the vale.

With this, the queen of night, the clouds dividing,
Left her bright home, and star surrounded throne,
With airy footsteps she came softly gliding,
Her countenance with love's effulgence shone ;
Her passion, long suppressed no longer hiding,
She whispered to me in an undertone,
Arise sweet youth, behold me by your side,
Though I must woo, yet take me for your bride.

Just then there fell from heaven a shooting star,
A signal to the distant constellations ;
Who saw the fiery herald from afar,
And straightway left on high their various stations ;
Each planet mounting his celestial car
To pay to Cynthia his congratulations,
They gathered like a swarm of golden bees,
Who seek their honey over summer leas.

First Pegasus flew down with rapid pinions,
Close followed by the hair of Berenice,
Virgo and Gemini, heaven's favoured minions,
Castor and Pollux, fair Andromede,
With Hercules, have left heaven's bright dominions ;
Mortals those empty halls astonished see,
Not knowing this is Cynthia's wedding day,
And that to greet her they have fled away.

Cynthia, beloved queen, we wish you joy
Began the leader of the starry choir,
To you, and to your gentle shepherd boy ;
We think you might have looked a little higher.
We understand now why you were so coy,
To those who to your bright hand did aspire ;
And yet we can excuse you, for we know
That Cupid's shafts, spare neither high nor low.

May Jove, with favour on this pair look down,
For has not he too, felt a lover's pain ;
He dare not on unequal matches frown,
Who cannot from his Leda's lips refrain.

May he this union with his blessings crown,
And like a shower of gold, his influence rain,
To give them happiness, and length of days,
To walk for ever in earth's pleasant ways.

From them a numerous race of bards will spring,
Charming the hearts of men with poesy,
Of gods, and fate, and things unseen to sing ;
Blessed with the vision of futurity.
Their praises in the ears of men shall ring,
Though mixed with dust of ages they may lie ;
In Greece, and Albion, will the chief be born.
Whose fame, all future bards will put to scorn.

When ended were the marriage melodies,
The celestials to their native home retired,
With Cynthia, heavenly bride, I sought the trees,
By love and music, both alike inspired ;
We felt a joy unknown to hearts save these,
With love celestial, and terrestrial, fired ;
Unknown to man, but as a passing gleam,
That breaketh through a dark and troubled dream.

Happy we dwelt within the leafy grove,
Our food the ripe grape, and the olive mild ;
Through shady forest glades we loved to roam,
To chase with bounding steps, the roebuck wild.
Yet after four short weeks, I thought my love
Seemed to her novel life unreconciled.
A shade stole o'er her face, her ways grew strange,
As though she longed for yet another change.

Said Cynthia to Endymion, one sweet eve,
Fair are these valleys, and this hoary wood,
These haunted streams, and yet oft times I grieve
To think that here has been thy sole abode.
With simple shepherd swains, now we will leave
This lonely spot, and seek the neighbourhood
Of azure heaven, and visit my relations,
Returning all their friendly salutations.

Scarce had these boding words escaped her lips,
When Mercury appeared above the trees,
As suddenly as when a diver dips
His form into the waves of summer seas ;

A steed he caught, which straightway he equips
With wings, to cleave the yielding air with ease.
We mounted him, and passed the realms of night,
And left the stars behind us in our flight.

We entered heaven's angel-guarded portals,
Once traversed by Ixion's daring feet ;
There dwell the ever juvenile immortals,
Wrapped in Elysian pleasures ever sweet,
Save when on visits to the world of mortals,
Which serves them as a park, or country seat ;
Where they enjoy themselves, with wine and love,
Unfettered by the etiquette of Jove.

Whilst Mercury walked on to show the way,
I gazed at all the wonders of the place ;
Apollo there, preparing for the day,
His steeds was training at a walking pace.
The Muses, here, rehearsing a new play,
Turned much astonished at my simple face ;
And Cupid drew an arrow from his dart,
To pierce a hitherto unfeeling heart.

Juno's proud peacocks pecked from out my hand,
Fair birds, whose plumage, much excels their note ;
The seasons four, a bright ethereal band,
Around, around, in ceaseless circles float.
Old Time upon his scythe doth leaning stand,
Gazing with weary eyes on scenes remote ;
His empire doth not here extend its sway,
The ceaseless interchange of night and day.

I saw the apple, Paris, wild and gay,
Awarded unto Venus as a prize ;
And still methinks that at the present day,
His judgement is approved by all the wise ;
Arch Hebe sang a merry roundelay.
And with her brimming cup did tantalise,
At last, of its most sweet contents I drank,
And lost in pleasure, at her feet I sank.

But soon recovered ; with fresh courage fired,
I fain would look upon the face of Jove ;
His awful nod no longer dread inspired,
As when I tended flocks, in Latmos grove.

I saw him in his majesty attired,
Grown bolder by the sight, I tried to move
A thunderbolt, I threw it, and around,
Th'Olympian halls re-echoed with the sound.

Jove, starting up, cried, who are they who dare
To wield my thunder, and my might defy;
Do Titans seek again my throne to share;
My hand shall fall upon them heavily.
Oh! bid them of a God incensed beware.
Where are the culprits? Seek them Mercury.
What, 'tis Endymion! miserable mortal;
He soon shall rue the hour he crossed my portal.

Yes, he shall share Ixion's whirling wheel,
Or feel the thirsty pangs of Tantalus,
Or hang, until his dizzy brain shall reel,
On Caucasus, beside Prometheus.
Unless before our majesty he kneel,
And humbly for forgiveness sue to us.
Here Juno interposed, and cried—forbear
To injure him, his life I prithee spare.

The father of gods and men, to her replied,
Yes, I will spare him for thy gentle sake,
Though much my god-like patience has been tried,
Revenge on one so small I will not take :
Yet, lest again my might he should deride ;
Bid herald Mercury come here and take
Him hence, and place him in his native groves,
And see that henceforth he no longer roves.

They bore me to heaven's highest battlement,
The earth below me like an island lay,
The gods and goddesses, on pleasure bent,
Passed freely, to and fro the shining way.
Though long I pleaded, I was headlong sent
To seek the groves where once I loved to stray :
I fell beside a naiad-haunted stream ;
Then I awoke, and lo ! it was a dream.

How strange, said Poena, when our eyelids close,
Beneath the brooding wing of silent night,
The exiled spirit knoweth no repose,
But towards its natal region takes its flight.

Thus visions of the deities arose,
Although invisible to mortal sight,
Such ministrants, Endymion, have been thine,
When softly sleeping in the pale moonshine.

Oh, Poena, Cynthia bright is not a dream,
Or form invisible to mortal sight,
O'er mountain, valley, haunted wood, and stream,
She passes, shedding beauty and delight.
Medea's wondrous alchemy I deem
Could gild not all it touched, with hues so bright ;
'Tis lovely, as the blush on beauty's face,
When love has touched it with a conscious grace.

Where art thou now, pale wanderer of the sky,
O'er what enchanted regions dost thou roam ;
Why do you wander ever ceaselessly ?
Oh rest, and here in Latmos make thy home,
The shepherd swains will build an altar high,
And worship thee beneath heaven's azure dome ;
And I will be thy priest, and at thy shrine
Will praise thee, and thy majesty divine.

Or can it be behind yon western hill
Where last the lingering rays of sunlight fell,
When bird and beast repose, and all is still,
Another lover doth his passion tell?
And that you listen with a wavering will,
Perchance upon his pleading love to dwell?
The thought is madness, and my feeling heart
Aches, when in cloud and shadow you depart.

With this, Endymion, like a wounded deer,
Turned him, and fled into the forest's night;
He would not let his sister see the tear
That dimmed his bright eyes, in his own despite.
She cried aloud, beloved Endymion, fear
The bear that lurks in thickets, hid from sight,
Think of Adonis, and his hapless fate
And be thou warned by him, ere 'tis too late.

Endymion heard her not, he saw the gleam
Of stars, through rifts of clouds, in the night sky,
Reflected in the surface of the stream,
That through the forest wandered peacefully.

He followed it, with hope that one warm beam
The moon might shed, to soothe his fevered eye ;
But not the faintest ray from heaven was sent,
Weary and sad, he uttered this lament.

Why with remote, inconstant visitings,
My Cynthia, dost thou mock thy lover true ;
Oh ! for a loan of wandering Cupid's wings,
To meet thee in thy realms serenest blue.
Early and late the lark thy praises sings,
When soaring from his field of spangled dew ;
But I am tied to earth and cannot rise,
As fain I would, to meet thee in the skies.

Thus did Endymion to the stars and wind,
His hapless, solitary fate bemoan,
Ah ! pity him, ye loving ladies kind,
Whose fate it is to sit and sigh alone.
Fond lovers, like Endymion, may you find
And joy for past unhappiness atone ;
Ah ! may you never know the cruel pain
To mourn an absent love, and mourn in vain.

But grief the weary spirit doth subdue,
Endymion proved it, though long time he wept,
His slender limbs upon the bank he threw,
And pain and passion in his bosom slept.
Sweet sleep his love worn vigour doth renew
Whilst still the stars their patient vigil kept
On high, as they have done from earliest days
Ere young devotion made them gods to praise.

Lo peeping from behind a lovely cloud,
Cynthia shows once again her lovely face,
A beauty rising from a fleecy shroud
Her lovely features time cannot efface.
With more than human tenderness endowed,
She gazes on the boy with pensive grace,
Most like a mother o'er her sleeping child,
With eyes reflections of her spirit mild.

Endymion felt her not, the winged dreams
Chased one another through his eager brain,
And now he walks beside the Latmian streams,
And now the halls of heaven he sees again ;

And still through all his fevered sleep there gleams,
A light, and sense of rapture, mixed with pain,
Within her cloudy mantle Cynthia drew,
Vexed that dull sleep her lover's eyelids glue.

She scarce had parted ere Endymion woke,
And gazed around, and threw his arms aloft.
At last with broken accents thus he spoke,
Why are my slumbers mocked with visions soft?
Why hangs this darkness round me like a cloak?
So heavy is my soul that very oft
I would that I might sleep, the sleep of death,
"And give up to the winds my quiet breath."

With this Endymion rose with willing feet,
To bend his steps through paths he knew not where,
With unrequited love his heart still beat,
What fate befel he did not greatly care.
Though sorrow drove him to this sad retreat,
No healing to his spirit found he there,
The stream flows on, somewhere it findeth rest,
And there, cried he, may I too ease my breast.

By knotted oaks, by willows bending low,
Past tangled brakes, and trees in grey decay,
Where the violet and yellow primrose grow
On mossy banks, where seldom peers the day,
Where lilies on the river's bosom blow
And die unseen, Endymion found his way,
Until he came unto a little pool
Whose waters shaded were, and clear, and cool.

Then stooping to the river's level brink
He made a shallow goblet of his hand,
But ere he could the crystal water drink
He had a vision made his eyes expand,
And caused him from the water's edge to shrink,
Then fetter him, as he did rooted stand,
For lo! within the pool his Cynthia lies,
Though scarce can he believe his dazzled eyes.

He cried, she beckons me to my delight,
Fair goddess let me leap into your arms,
Farewell ye forests, and ye hills good night.
Welcome, sweet pool, where I shall taste her charms.

He plunged into the wave, the waters bright
Met o'er his head, the night birds shrieked alarms,
He rose and battled with the waves for life,
And lo in heaven, the moon shone o'er the strife.

He saw her, and he cried a bitter cry :
Cold Goddess, thou hast led me to the grave,
Thou mockest me, a loveless death I die,
With these last words he sank beneath the wave.
The bubbling waters took his latest sigh,
The night winds like avenging spirits rave,
And whip the waters into foam and surge
For drowned Endymion 'twas a funeral dirge.

Poena meanwhile, unconscious of his fate,
Trembled to think what dangers might befall,
And mourned for him and his distracted state,
His favourite spots his memory recall.
Long time she hopes he may return, though late,
And meet her underneath the pine trees tall ;
And still she sits beside the river's brim
Where last with tears she bid adieu to him.

Thus grieving, she passed many a weary day,
And nights and days were all alike to her,
Apollo could not cheer her with his ray,
The moon arose, and still she did not stir.
And many a shepherd passing by that way
Ewes' milk, ripe grapes, and mellow wine did proffer,
But she rejected them without a sign,
And like a statue sat of grief divine.

One evening from her dewy couch she rose
And gazed as she was wont upon the stream,
For grief would not allow her eyes to close,
And life was like a strange, distracted dream.
When lo, what horror did the stream disclose?
What watery vision made her turn and scream?
Endymion she beholds, or what was he,
Floating with upturned eyes, that cannot see.

At her wild cry the shepherds flocked around,
And eyes that ne'er had wept, were now not dry;
They lifted him, and placed him on the ground
Beside his mourning sister tenderly.

With garments white his slender limbs they bound,
And bore him to the shadow of a tree,
And Poena followed them in silent woe,
The warm tears from her drooping eyelids flow.

They buried him, and built an altar high,
And mourning steps have worn thereto a path,
For many shepherd swains from far and nigh,
Visit on holy-days the cenotaph.
And on the monumental slab they spy,
Cut with rude hands, this simple epitaph :
“ Endymion lieth here, who died too soon,
He died for love of the inconstant moon.”



THE LARK.



What sings the lark when heavenwards ascending,
We hear him, though he soars beyond our sight?
What human feelings in his strain are blending,
What love of joy, what scorn of fear unite.
“ Fair is the sun, old nature’s face adorning,
Light laughs the stream, the Zephyrs lightly play,
Bird, beast, and plant, enjoy the glad May morning,
And everything but sullen man is gay.
Canst thou not feel the rapture and the madness,
The love my darling mate has given birth,
Nor feel the chords of sympathetic gladness,
That bind all nature in a song of mirth.
Oh, say why earth born man is full of sadness
When I in heaven sing the joys of earth? ”

A LAMENT.



My heart is full of sorrow,
All day I long for night,
At night I pray the morrow
At last may yield delight.
New sorrow still it bringeth,
But nought for which I pine,
And peace above me wingeth
To other hearts than mine.

Say, why does rosy pleasure,
Aye, leave a sting of pain?
Oh! why is all we treasure
So fleeting or so vain?
Oh say why bends the martyr
Beneath the bitter cross?
Or if the wicked barter
His gains for future loss?

On thoughts like these I ponder,
Since earth this knowledge bars,
I sadly gaze up yonder
Where brightly beam the stars ;
To night as at creation,
Their glories they unfold,
Not e'en imagination
Their mystery has told.

LOVE'S BURIAL.



Now love is dead, so let us dig his grave,
And he shall a splendid funeral have ;
Pity and grief shall his pall bearers be,
And bear him, my love, to his tomb in thee.

With him we will bury laughter, and smiles,
Embraces, and kisses, and wanton wiles ;
With the joys that are born in love's caress,
And who died of their too great happiness.

There they lie in thy bosom, cold and dead,
Their spirits that hovered around have fled ;
They have fled away, like the mists of morn
To the heavenly regions where they were born.

Alas, that the fairest of forms should be
A tomb for the love, that has died in thee ;

That love which though old, is yet ever new,
Should have found the fairest of graves in you.

Yet a sigh, a smile, or a tender glance
The feelings may wake from their death-cold trance ;
Then love will awake, from his grave arise,
And live again in thy beautiful eyes.

TYROLESE PATRIOT'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

I pray you do not bind my eyes,
Oh let me see once more,
Yonder mountains that enshadow
The village by the shore.
I gaze on them and feel again
New courage fill my heart,
As when two friends press hand in hand,
In silence ere they part.
For thee, Tyrol, I fought and fell,
Farewell, my native land, farewell !

Though dear are wife and friends and home,
Though dear is life to me,
I would not live to see them more
Since I may not be free.
Then welcome death, since thou wilt give

The freedom of the grave,
 Who dares not die for liberty :
 May live to be a slave.
 For thee, Tyrol, I fought and fell,
 Farewell, my native land, farewell !

Though death will wing your bullet's flight
 My spirit still will live
 To animate my countrymen,
 And new born courage give.
 'Twill bind their closely serried ranks
 When charging on the foe,
 Your marksmen then will curse the day
 And the shot that laid me low.
 For thee, Tyrol, I fought and fell,
 Farewell, my native land, farewell.

C U P I D



Cupid, one summer day,
Shot all his darts away,
And laid him down to sleep
Beside a fountain deep,
Beneath a colonnade
That cast a cooling shade ;
Young love to sleep began,
And gave repose to man.

A young girl passing by—
The naked god did spy,
Gazing with wondering eyes
Ah ! what is that she cries ?
A form so fair, I ween,
She ne'er before had seen,
As the lovely sleeping boy
Who filled her heart with joy.

A maiden next there came,
Who blushed with maiden shame,
As with a glance aside
The sleeping boy she spied ;
She passed with footsteps soft,
And thought, 'tis he who oft
Has come to me at night,
In dreams of soft delight.

A mother young and fair
Came gaily singing there ;
But paused beside the boy,
The cause of all her joy ;
For in his lovely face,
She thought that she could trace
A likeness to the son,
That by her side did run.

Next came a miser, old—
His pockets full of gold—
To buy a maiden's love,
Had led him forth to rove ;

In spite of all his gain,
His search had been in vain ;
To seize young love he sought,
But found he grasped at nought.

For Cupid, quick up-springs,
Out spreads his gauzy wings ;
But ere he flies away,
He turns around to say :
I only shoot my darts,
For those who in their hearts,
Can feel for others pain,
Nor feel for them in vain.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.



Weary of man and womankind,
The world, and all its ways,
I oft recall again to mind
My childhood's happy days.
Yes, there I sat, in childhood's prime,
Beside my mother's chair,
And wiled away the happy time,
With castles in the air.

Then, when some years had passed away
I had a dream of love ;
I loved a maiden bright as day,
And pure as saints above.
Where'er I went, I sought her face,
As innocent, as fair,
But found, alas ! her dwelling place,
A castle in the air.

Ambition next with eager eyes,
And locks dishevelled came,
And pointed where in distance lies,
The path that leads to fame.
The palaces and castles bright,
That distant seemed so fair ;
I found when I had climbed the height,
Were castles in the air.

On thoughts like these I will not dwell,
But laugh my grief away,
The saint and sinner too, as well,
Both seize the passing day.
Away with thoughts that raise a frown,
Away with grief and care,
While all in ruins tumble down,
My castles in the air.

A LULLABY.



Sleep, sleep, my baby sleep,
Since man was born to weep,
And life is pain and woe
To all things here below—

Lullaby!

Angels hover round
Thy form in slumber bound.

Thy features meek and mild
Are pure thou happy child,
Around thee seems to shine
The light of love divine—

Lullaby!

Angels hover round
Thy form in slumber bound.

Thy slumber knows no dream
Of life's unlovely gleam,
With calm and holy rest
Thy guiltless soul is blest—

Lullaby!

Angels hover round
Thy form in slumber bound.

THE NUN.



Down gazing from the Convent high
A knight the nun saw riding by,
She blushing, breathed a piteous sigh—

Miserere Domine

The Knight had all Apollo's grace,
He vanished in a moment's space,
She turned, and tears fell down her face—

Miserere Domine !

Yet once she saw that Knight again,
His troopers led his funeral train
While evening breezes waft the strain—

Miserere Domine !

Then from her place she softly stept,
And slowly to Christ's image crept,

Her frail form quivered as she wept—
Miserere Domine !

Forgive, oh Lord, my deadly sin,
And with thy grace heal all within,
That I the martyr's crown may win—
Miserere Domine !

The Saviour wore the thorny Crown,
He seemed to gaze in sorrow down,
She could not meet her Master's frown—
Miserere Domine !

Her God insulted and defied,
Too great her grief, she pined and died,
And with her dying breath she cried—
Miserere Domine !

CONTRADICTIONS



When you smiling say you love me,
My heart is full of sorrow,
From kisses and embraces
No happiness I borrow.
Ah, too well I know how fleeting
The love that warms thy bosom,
How winds of autumn scatter
The sweetest, fairest blossom.
When you say you really hate me,
Yes, really, most sincerely,
And gaze on me in anger,
Ah, then I love you dearly.
Those eyes that now all wildly
Reflect a storm of passion,
To morrow will be beaming
In loving tender fashion.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.



Farewell ye lakes, and hills, and streams,
Farewell ye ruins hoary,
Farewell each well remembered scene
Of Scottish song or story.

Farewell the Tay, the Dee, the Don,
By hill and valley singing,
To all the pleasant meadow land
Glad health and plenty bringing.

Here Burns poured forth his soul in song
As sweet as Highland Mary,
And blessed as he in such a spot
How gladly would I tarry.

But no, impelled by fate I go
In other lands to wander,

And other scenes and other songs
Must bid me muse and ponder.

Though like the wandering Jew I rove
From Palestine to Gottland,
Yet memory will still recall
The hills of bonny Scotland.

A WALK BY THE SEA.



One evening as I wandered by the sea,
I saw a maiden sitting on the sands ;
Who gazed upon the waves despondingly—
Her fair hair fell upon her folded hands.
The expression of her eyes though sad, was calm,
And seeming wrapt as by some mystic charm,
She murmured verses which had power like balm,
To heal the wounds that did her spirit harm ;
And ever with a murmur, soft and sweet,
The amorous waves ran up to kiss her feet.

In artless tones, she told her simple tale,
One too well known, to all who cleave the foam ;
Her brother's boat had foundered in a gale,
And he was lost in sight of friends and home.
Ah ! sir, I love to sing the songs he made,

And watch the waves he dearly loved to brave ;
He would not in the cold dull earth be laid,
Although with flowers I cannot deck his grave ;
And while the waves ran up to kiss her feet,
She sang these verses plaintive, yet so sweet.

‘ Blow soft ye winds, blow softly o’er the deep,
Sun, moon, and stars, oh ! bend on him your rays ;
Softly ye billows, cradle his last sleep,
He whom you loved, has ended here his days.
No impious hand can here disturb his bones,
No pompous epitaph surmounts his tomb ;
Unmarked by monumental brass or stone,
He calmly waits the last great day of doom ; ’
And ever with a murmur soft and sweet,
The amorous waves ran up to kiss her feet.

THE BALLAD SINGER.



Hark ! again the ballad singer,
Singing down the dusky street ;
Though her voice is harsh and painful,
Yet her song to me is sweet.

For it seems to wake an echo,
In some corner of my brain ;
Yes, an echo of sweet music,
That I ne'er shall hear again.

Ah ! too well, I now remember
Where I heard that ballad sung ;
'Twas one lovely summer evening,
When my love and I were young.

On a bank we sat together,
Where the flags and rushes grow ;

In the west the sun was setting,
And the river flowed below.

It was just the hour when nature
Seems to seek for love and rest,
When the loving heart grows fonder,
And the song bird seeks the nest.

Then she sang this plaintive ditty,
Of old love and loyalty,
In a tone that seemed prophetic,
Of the evil days to be.

Many suns have since arisen,
Many suns have set in gloom,
Since the day I lost my darling,
And they bore her to the tomb.

But a cloud for me descended,
That will never pass away ;
Day to me is as the gloaming,
And the night is as the day.

Sing no more, oh, ballad singer,
For your accents seem to tell,
That thy features, fair yet faded,
Miseries have known as well.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

The swallow seeks the nest ;
The river seeks the sea ;
The bee the honied flower,
And I my love seek thee.

Here, where, like golden fruit
The stars shine through the leaves ;
I wait whilst loving spells
Imagination weaves.

The clòck now striketh ten—
The hour we were to meet ;
In vain I strive to hear,
Thy love directed feet.

The waters coldly laugh ;
The midnight breezes moan ;
The moon peeps out surprised,
To find me here alone.

LAST WORDS.



When I lost my father,
I felt small concern,
And asked of my mother,
When he would return ?

My mother gazed starwards,
Her face beamed with love ;
My child has one Father—
The father above.

In youth's golden morning
All prospects are bright ;
Love, friendship, and pleasure
Their garlands unite.

But long was the journey,
And dark grew the night ;

In vain in my anguish,
I sought for the light.

There came a soft whisper :
With him there is peace ;
Who bids the sun lighten,
The tempest to cease ?

I trust in his mercy,
Who feared his command,
And sleep my last slumber,
A child in his hand.

THE STAR OF LOVE.



1

When fades the golden summer day,
In twilight dim declining ;
When zephyrs o'er the waters play,
And lovers lie beneath the May,
The star of love is shining.

2

When tempests roar, and clouds grow black,
And forest trees are pining ;
Neath strokes that shew the lightning's track,
Through shiftings of the cloudy pack,
The star of love is shining.

3

How oft when first affection sweet,
Around your heart was twining,

You came with not unwilling feet,
Where through the boughs of my retreat,
The star of love is shining.

4

And when misfortune's storms arose,
Your heart knew no repining ;
No loud lament your lips disclose,
You gazed up where in calm repose
The star of love was shining.

5

And when that light I cannot see,
Nor "cloud with silver lining ;"
When falls the pall of night on me
I know afar eternally,
The star of love is shining.

Translated from the French of J. J. Rousseau.

How slowly flags the day
When passed away from thee,
The glad returning May
Has now no charms for me;
The grove in greenest dress,
Now thou appearest not,
Seems but a wilderness,
So lonely is my lot.

The weary hours I pass
In wandering here and there;
I seek as in a glass
Thy face in my despair.
But ah, that image flies,
My tears begin to flow,
My soul within me dies,
Dissolved in speechless woe.

Like loveliest melodies
Is thy sweet voice to me,
Reflected in thine eyes
The light of heaven I see:
Around thee there is cast
An atmosphere divine,
My heart with love beats fast
If thy hand touches mine.

ON A DEAD LADY.

Translated from the French of A de Mussett.

She was fair, if a starless night
That sleeps in a gloomy aisle,
Where tombs of the dead are laid
Is fair, or a dead man's smile.

She was good, if God regards
The donor of careless mood,
Who gives with an open hand,
If compassionless alms are good.

She thought, if the idle sound
Of a soft melodious voice,
Like tones of a babbling brook
Expressed either thought or choice.

She prayed, if a prayer consists
In glances of two fine eyes,

Now carelessly turned on earth,
Now languishing towards the skies.

She had loved, had not her pride,
Like the lamp they set apart
To illuminate the dead,
Watched over her barren heart.

She died, if she ever lived;
She knew neither joy nor grief;
Her hands have let fall the book,
A blank at the open leaf.

THE PARTING.

Translated from the German of Goethe.

Let mÿ eyes the parting tell
That my lips refuse to speak;
Hard, how hard, is this farewell,
Yet I am not often weak.

Sad were in this hour's eclipse
Sweetest pledge that love demands;
Cold the kisses of thy lips,
Light the pressure of thy hands.

Once my lips to thine would cling,
Sweet the theft of soft delight;
Thus the violet plucked in spring
Giveth gladness to the sight.

But I pluck thee now no flower,
No more roses give to thee;
Spring is here within thy bower,
But 'tis autumn sere for me.

THE LARK.

Translated from the French of Beranger.

The lark is heavenward singing
Above the leafy grove,
There the huntsman lowly maiden
Will talk to thee of love.
'Plucking flowers let us go, my dear,
To deck thy maiden prime;'
'Huntsman I fear my mother's near,
I dare not lose my time.'

Thy mother and her faithful goat
Have passed behind that wall,
Come listen to a tale of love
I heard in yonder hall.
The coldest heart that ever beat
Would feel this touching rhyme;
'Huntsman I know one quite as sweet,
I dare not lose my time.'

'Tis the story of a spectre
And a jealous baron's doom,
Who the guiltless wife he murdered,
Is leading to the tomb.
It makes the hearer thrill with awe,
Although unstained with crime ;
'Huntsman I've heard the tale before,
I dare not lose my time.'

To save thee from the midnight wolf
I know a magic spell,
To turn away the evil eye
A prayer to thee can tell.
Some beldame in her misery
May blight thy beauty's prime.
'Huntsman, I have a rosary,
I dare not lose my time.'

Well see this cross of massy gold
All set with rubies bright,
Sweet maid it never looked so fair
As on that bosom white.

Then take it, though it costly be,
But think of me sometime,—
'Stay, huntsman, I will go with thee,
Now I shall not lose my time.'

SHOOTING STARS.

Translated from the French of Beranger.

Father; you say that the stars
Guide our mortal destinies;
Yes, my child, and in their flight
Night reveals them to our eyes.
Since on yonder azure dome
All their secrets they display,—
Say father, what is that star
That shoots, shoots, and dies away?

This moment a man has died,
And that is his guiding star;
With his comrades he quaffed and sang
In chorus tra la, tra la.
He sleeps where but now he sang,
The gayest where all were gay,—
Say father, what is that star
That shoots, shoots, and dies away?

How beautiful, calm, and pure :
'Tis that of a lady fair,
To the church she leads the way ;
Her lover awaits her there.
With flowers her brow is crowned ;
Heaven smiles on her nuptial day,—
Say father, what is that star
That shoots, shoots, and dies away ?

A philanthropist is dead,
Weep, my child, for our distress,
The widow has lost a friend,
The orphan is fatherless.
The homeless beneath his roof
Found shelter till dawn of day,—
Say father, what is that star
That shoots, shoots, and dies away ?

'Tis that of a mighty king ;
Go, my child, be wise and true,
May your star shine bright and clear
As that in yon field of blue.

If you shine, but do no good,
At your death, your friends may say,
It is but a shooting star,
That shoots, shoots, and dies away.



THE PIPER.

Translated from the French of Beranger.



A piper bought a magic lute,
From strangers at a fair ;
And pleased to be no longer mute,
Went piping everywhere.

His music gave the weary rest,
And made the sad rejoice ;
It lulled the storm in passion's breast,
And gave to hope a voice.

The palace gates were opened wide,
By those who heard him play ;
He charmed the king who lay inside,
To cares and grief a prey.

He left, the king then called him back,
A noble you shall be,

And gems and gold you shall not lack,
If you will stay with me.

The piper smiled : " I cannot stay ;
To others give your gains ;
I go to make the captive gay,
The slave forget his chains."

His lute alone to him was dear,
Along the roads he went ;
The people came from far and near,
And praised with one consent.

And children, too, a joyous throng,
The piper came to greet,
And leading on with dance and song,
Strewed flowers beneath his feet.

How happy is that man, they cried,
Where'er he chance to roam ;
His strains in every soul abide,
He finds with all a home.

And yet, though all around were gay,
A nameless grief at heart,
Consumed his life from day to day,
He almost cursed his art.

At night what pangs his soul endured,
Strange phantoms seemed to rise,
And forms of those his lute had cured,
Would float before his eyes.

The charmer of another's pain,
To charm his own he tried ;
He touched his lute, but all in vain,
For lo ! the piper died.

They buried him with tearful eyes,
And mourned him many a day ;
I read his epitaph : " Here lies
The gayest of the gay."

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